

T H E
London Miscellany ;

Being a
Collection of several scarce and
valuable Pieces,

V I Z.

- I. The *Beau Monde*, or the Pleasures of St. James's, a Ballad.
- II. The *Durham-Yard*, or *Dunkirk* Ballad.
- III. Dr. C—x—ll, to Sir R—t W——le, on his Fast Sermon.
- IV. Verses spoke by the King's Scholars at *Westminster*, at their last Annual Feast.
- V. The *Condemn'd Minuet*, sung to Colonel Ch—s in *Newgate*, on the Night of his Conviction.
- VI. The famous Ballad of *Happy Dick*, written by a *Welsh* Baronet.
- VII. The new *Black-Joak*, by a Chapl—n to a Man-of-War.
- VIII. The humble Petition of Ph—p D. of Wh——n, to a Great Man in London.

Besides many other curious Pieces never before published.

L O N D O N :

Printed for A. M O O R E, at his Shop near St. Paul's, and sold by the Booksellers and Pamphlet-Shops of *London* and *Westminster*. M.DCC.XXX. (Price 6 d.)





The BEAU MONDE : Or the Pleasures of St. JAMES's, a Ballad.

Tune of, *Oh ! London is a fine Town, &c.*

OH! *St. James's is a lovely Place,*
'Tis better than the City ;
For there are Balls and Opera's,
And ev'ry Thing that's pretty.

There's little Lady CUZZONI,
And bouncing Dame FAUSTINA,
The Duce a Bit will either Sing,
Unless they're each a QUEEN—a

And when we've ek'd out History,
And made them Rival Queens,
They'll warble sweetly on the Stage,
And scold behind the Scenes:

Oh ! St. James's, &c.

When having fill'd their Pockets full.
No longer can they stay ;
But turn their Backs upon the Town,
And scamper all away.

A

The

(2)

The Belles and Beaux cry after them,
With all their Might and Main;
And *HEIDEGGER* is sent in haste
To fetch 'em back again.

Ob! St. James's, &c.

Then Hey! for a Subscription
To th' Opera, or the Ball;
The Silver Ticket walks about
Untill there comes a Call.

This puts them into doleful Dumps,
Who were both Blyth and Gay;
There's nothing spoils Diversion more
Than telling what's to pay.

Ob! St. James's, &c.

There's *POPE* has made the *Willings* mad,
Who labour all they can;
To pull his Reputation down,
And maul the *Little Man*.

But Wit and he so close are link'd,
In vain is all this Pother;
They never can demolish one
Without destroying 'tother.

Ob! St. James's, &c.

And there's Miss *POLLT PEACHUM* lugs
Our Nobles by the Ears,
Till *PONDER WELL* by far Exceeds
The Musick of the Spheres.

When



When lo! to show the Wisdom Great.

Of *LONDON*'s famous Town,

We set her up above her self,

And then we take her down.

Ob! St. James's, &c.

And, there's your Beaux, with powder'd Cloaths,

Bedaub'd from Head to Shin;

Their Pocket-holes adorn'd with Gold,

But not a Soufe within:

And there's your pretty Gentlemen,

All dress'd in Silk and Sattin;

That get a Spice of ev'ry Thing,

Excepting Sense and Latin.

Ob! St. James's, &c.

And there's your Cits that have their Tits,

In *Finsbury* so sweet.

But costlier Tits they keep, God wot!

In *Bond* and *Poultney-street*.

And there's your Green Nobility,

On Citizens so witty,

Whose Fortune and Gentility,

Arose from *LONDON*'s City.

Ob! St. James's, &c.

We go to Bed when others rise,

And Dine at Candle-light;

There's nothing mends Complexion more,

Than turning Day to Night.

(4)

For, what is Title, Wealth, or Wit,

If Folks are not Genteel?

Or how can they be said to live,

Who know not what's *QUADRILLE?*

Oh! St. James's, &c.



The



The Sailor's SONG : Or, *Dunkirk*
Restor'd. A new Ballad.

Tune of, *To all you Ladies now at Land, &c.*

TO all ye *Merchants* now at Land,
We Men at Sea indite ;
But first would have you understand,
How hard it is to write :
It mayn't be safe the Truth to say ;
If silent, *Britain* we betray.

With a fal, &c.

Fam'd *Dunkirk*, raz'd by our good Queen,
Our Commerce to maintain,
Is now restor'd, as we have seen
Her *Ships* float on the Main :
Your Trade requires your *timely Care* ;
Heaven knows you have not much to spare !

With a fal, &c.

The Slaves that cringe to *Gallia's Court*,
Say, still there is no Landing ;
As tho' the *Water* in the Port
Was like their Understanding :

But

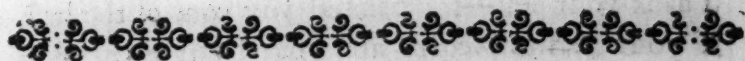
But *Britain*, to her Cost, hath found
France is a-float, and she a-ground.

The *Brethren* too will pawn their Ears,
 That Ships from out that Station,
 Will scour the *Flemish* Privateers
 In Friendship to our Nation :
 The *Friest*, on whom they pin their Hopes,
 Demands more Faith than fifty Popes.

But let him not again deceive,
 By new *Memoirs* or *Letter* ;
 Far less his Evidence receive,
 Who should have raz'd it better ;
 For he, who's coming now from *France*,
 Will tell us all was done by Chance.

Yet how this *Harbour* was repair'd
 Is still a wond'rous Riddle ;
 The Piles withdrew, the Stones uprear'd,
 Like *Thebes*, by Harp and Fiddle.
 What made these Piles and Sands retire ?
 The *Orphean*, or *Horacian* Lyre ?

Be't as it will, the Land complains,
 Then, *Britons*, speak your Mind ;
 The dear-bought Fruits of *Ten Campaigns*
 Must never be resign'd :
 Speak on, true *Britons* ; down it goes ;
 For *Dunkirk's* Friends are *Britain's* Foes.



Dr. Croxall to Sir Robert Walpole.

IF a Truth may be ask'd, Sir, pray what may it mean ?

My Pretensions so fair, I'm not yet a Dean ?

That my *Ovid*, my *Æsop*, *Circassian*, and all

The gay Things I have wrote, should not merit a Stall ?

When the Muse has long begg'd, that you always
should slight her.

Who had Hopes of exchanging her Wreathes for a
Mitre.

By your Pride or Contempt, my Laurel's ill-fated,

Translating so often——and never *translated*.

'Tis a Slur on us Poets, our Parts and our Lines,
That the Lawn is still worn by prosaick DIVINES:
Since in Worth, and in Genius, but few can surpass us,
Who have taken a Doctor's Degree on *Parnassus*.
With Gifts from *Apollo*, whose Bosoms are fir'd,
And who preach before Kings—by the Muses inspir'd.

Had you wisely thought proper to *Dublin* or *Cassel*
To have sent, now your Foe, who so long was your
Vassal;

My Ambition to sooth, and gay Hopes to fulfil,

You might have been deem'd a good Minister still;

Nor *Solomon* e'er from the Pulpit been quoted,

To prove how perversely you've practis'd and voted.

But

But since you were pleas'd to refuse my Request,
 Thank your self—if I painted you none of the best.
 If your Person I scorn, and your Counsels oppose,
 And preach for the King, while I write for his Foes.
 To shut 'em more close while I open Folks Eyes;
 With Hints from my Sermon, instead of a better,
 Abusing his King, and enliv'ning his Letter.

Had your Prudence or Bounty but soften'd my Spleen
 Against Faction or *P*— my Text had been keen;
 To your Sense and fine Parts I had yielded the Prize,
 And prov'd the Prince good, and his Counsellors wise.

No Mortal so fit for so honour'd a Station;
 Not an abler, or honester Sage in the Nation,
 Who cou'd in more Merits or Virtues excell;
 Who cou'd find 'em, or pay 'em in others so well.

Tho' a Statesman so fam'd, yet take my Advice,
 And ne'er let a Parson solicit you twice.
 For the Loss of a Prebend or Deanery vext,
 He knows to revenge the Affront with a Text;
 With a Verse out of Scripture, the *Old* or the *New*,
 And with Nicety chose, he can give you your Due!
 Which this Cause, or that Cause, alike shall defend;
 This Year strike a Foe; and the next, hurt a Friend.
 By Turns lend the plausible Preacher a Sting,
 To fix in pert *D'Anvers*, or injure his King.

By the Laws of the Realm, and the Church, we
 have Power
 To seem learn'd, or serious, or gay for an Hour.
 When

When the Poet may lash, and the Preacher defame,
 And draws Things unlike—exactly the same.
 When two Things may differ, yet both may unite,
 And Rebellion and Duty to Princes excite.
 When a Sermon like *mine*, both Parties shall fire,
 And preach'd against Murder, shall *Killing* inspire.

When the Bays on our Beaver unite with the Rose,
 Have a Care of incensing with Orthodox Foes;
 Who from Pulpit or *Pindus* great Ministers strike;
 And all must be wick'd we please to dislike.
 Tho' splenetick *P—* and *D'Anvers* can't reach ye,
 We'll call up a King of the *Jews* to impeach ye,
 From a Proverb of his raise a petulant Laughter
 At a Statesman—the christen'd Four thousand Years
 after.

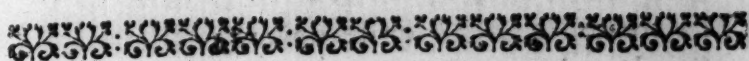
You may ridicule *S—pen—* and *B—g—* ke pity,
 And a *Craftsman* may miss, when a *Parson* can hit ye.
 And your Head, with nice Judgment, a Prophecy aim,
 Decyphering *Ezekiel*, to find out your Name.
 By the Help of his Types not a Soul shall endure ye,
 All the Creatures you meet—a mere *Middlesex* Jury.

Instead of your own, we can sily put on
 The Face of the frightfullest Beast in *St. John*;
 In the Shape of some Monster, expos'd to Derision,
 The Vultur or Lyon, or Bear—in the Vision.
 In the Mystical Shadow, some Courtier we see,
 A *British* no doubt—and *Sir Robert* is He.

• But supposing me guilty of scandalous Pranks,
 The Senate thought fit not to give me their Thanks;

A kind negative Vote has done me more Right
 Than the Praise of a Squire or Applause of a Knight;
 An Author may sure his own Sermon espouse,
 And print what he writes---without leave of the House;
 Whate'er some may fancy, the Profit's the same;
 If I have it in Cash what is wanting in Fame,
 If their Smile I have lost, their Frown does as well,
 And more than true Worth their Resentments will sell;
 Since all are ador'd who shall venture to sting
 Each Person in Place,---and each Friend of the King;
 Your Schemes to discharge, my Wit to display,
 Forgive---If I spoke not one Word of the Day,
 For, a Poet disdain'd, I allow you no Quarter,
 Poor *Charles* is forgotten---to make you the *Martyr*.





The Condemn'd-Minuet, sung by Roger Johnson, to Colonel Charteris, in Newgate, on the Night of his Conviction.

Tune of, *A begging we will go.*

WE'll down into the *Sessions-House*,
And see the Humours there,
Of J—dges and of Ju—es,
And of the Great L. M—r.

When to Justice we do go, do go, do go,

When to Justice we go.

The *Bums* of both the *Compters*
Are plac'd to guard the Doors;
Who Money take from e'ery one
Except from their own Wh—res.

When to Justice we do go, &c.

The *Keepers* and their *Nymidens*,
Do keep the strictest Eye:
Here Jack or Tom set to the Bars
Next, D—mn ye, take them by.

When to Justice we do go, &c.

The

The trembling *Culprit* quite undone,
Stands waiting on his Fate ;
While greater *Folks* look idly on,
In *Dignity* and *State*,

When to Justice we do go, &c.

Some *whipt*, some *burnt*, and some *condemn'd*,
Others escape for all,
And some are to *Virginia* sent ;
So farewell *Justice Hall*.

When a hanging we do go, do go, do go,

When a hanging we do go.



A RIDDLE.

I'M a Hole, tho' sometimes too strait at the first,
 For the Thing I am made for will willingly burst;
 And tho' at first Entrance I somewhat may tease ye,
 Soon after, perhaps, I may prove but too easy,
 Tho' I'm nothing but Eye, yet alas I'm quite blind,
 And tho' always before, am fear'd sometimes behind:
 But when whimsical Folks would have us'd me
 quite bare,
 The King, Lords and Commons took me into their
 Care,
 And cry'd out, with one Voice, they wou'd have
 me with Hair;
 For I fretted and tore like a Thing that's bewitch'd,
 Till they made it a Law I should be well stitch'd.

A Button.

The Button-Hole.

I'M a Thing of most Colours, Red, Black, Brown
 and Gray,
 And can make you in Winter as warm as in May:
 Tho' sometimes indeed I must own, that, God wot,
 Men find by Experience, I'm rather too hot.
 I'm cover'd with Hair, and as soft as a Cat,
 As yielding and plyant as any old Hat.

C

With

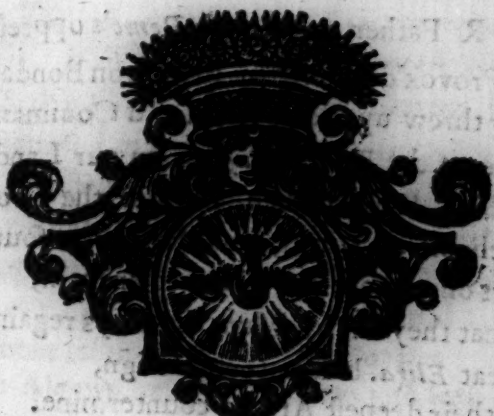
With me the fair Ladies are pleas'd, and are vain;
 And thrust in their Fingers to ease them from Pain:
 But I'm full as well pleas'd to be fixt, let me tell ye,
 By a magical Ring to a lusty Man's Belly:
 But the Men, when they have me oft, swear, the
 Plague rot them,
 Thrust in what they will, can't find I've a Bottom;
 Yet tho' what they put in be both stiff and in pain,
 'Tis both limber and easy when pull'd out again.
 I can give you Delight both by Day and by Night,
 Being made for the Feeling much more than the Sight:
 I am bought for all Prices, to Custom prevails,
 Men value me most when best furnish'd with Tails:
 All Sorts are at Market; but those that are able,
 At any Expence chuse to purchase the Fable.

A R I D D L E.

WE are People of no settled Station,
 Ramble, like wandering Jews, thro' every
 Nation,

Our Tribe encreases without Propagation.
 We have no Laws, Liberties, nor Mother,
 All Night we pig promiscuously together,
 And yet incur thereby no Scandal neither.
 We oft make Love, but without Inclination,
 Fight and quarrel too, but without Passion;
 Laugh without Mirth, and when set to work, we
 play,
 Talk much, but never mind the Thing we say.
 Money

Money we get, but can't command one Penny,
 No Money spend, nor lend, yet ne'er keep any;
 The most of us go fine in our Attire,
 And eat and drink whatever we desire.
 Our Wit you say is of the Middle-size,
 There's no one among us Fool or wise,
 No one that's ever born or ever dies.



A Copy of VERSES,

Spoke on Queen *Elizabeth's* Birth-day,
at the Annual Feast of the KING's
SCHOLARS at *Westminster*, for the
Year 1729-30.

OUR Father, gall'd with *Rome's* oppressive Yoke,
Provok'd at length, their Iron Bondage broke;
Bravely threw up the long usurp'd Command,
And swept the *Papal Locusts* from our Land.
Yet *Jesuits*, Inch by Inch, dispute the Ground,
And Schools at *Doway*, and *St. Omers* found;
In hopes once more our Island to enchain,
And what they lost by Men, by Boys regain.
But great *Eliza*. baffles their Design,
Skillful their deepest Arts to countermine.
To guard our Faith, Schools rise at her Command;
She rais'd the Church, new Ramparts, thro' the Land;
Thro' Ages Reformation to extend,
And what by Men she gain'd by Boys defend.
What Good from publick Education flows,
This honour'd Day, this noble Concourse shows:
Yet midst the Joys of this Auspicious Day,
It bids our Fears a decent Tribute pay.

It has its Woe; each Year we will bemoan
 Some Patron missing, some Mecenas gone.
 E're yet our general Grief for Freind was o'er;
 Death strikes again, and *Candish* is no more.
 Mark with what envious Aim his Arrows tend;
 We still had *Candish*, if we still had *Friend*.

Spoke in the Hall after Dinner.

HOW like you, Sir, the Splendor of to Day?
 What has your Lordship, not a Word to say?
 Can neither Verse, nor Prose, your Praises move?
 He sure dislikes, who cares not to approve.
 You view, with Scorn, our Antiquated Ways,
 Queen *Besse's* Golden Rules, and Golden Days.
 No powder'd Liveries attend us here,
 Hunger our Sauce and Mutton; is our Fare.
 Our worn-out Customs may provoke your Sport,
 How long the Graces; and the Meals now short:
 Nor can our musty Colledge, Life afford;
 A Bed more fashionable than its Board:
 No State Alcove, or Wainscot can you see,
 Of Cedar old, or new Mahogany.
 To us Poetick Furniture is given,
 Curtains of Night, and Canopy of Heaven:
 Our Youths, which well-bred Gentlemen despise,
 Sleep with the Lamb, as with the Lark they rise.
 Nay Prayers each Day, (strange Things to Modern
 Beaus)
 Open our Morning, and our Evening close:

Nor

Nor yet content with what at Home we do,
 Our Laws present unto the publick View.
 We to the *Abbey* march, in white Array;
 Thrice ev'ry Week, besides each Holiday.
 What Boys of Rank could brook such hard Com-
 mands?

Like meanest Choiresters to take their Stands;
 Or Penitents, with Tapers in their Hands.

But these Objections Nobles may disown,

Who seldom stoop to wear the daggled Gown;

The School itself unmannerly they call,

Like Death, a gen'ral Leveller of all;

Which ne'er regards the Privilege of a Peer;

What Race you sprung from, or what Arms you
 bear.

Boys on themselves, not Ancestors rely,

Distinguish'd by intrinsick Quality.

A lawcy Commoner may take his Place,

Who is My Lord, and is to be His Grace.

Not so at home, there due Distinctions made,

And full Obeisance, to Degree is paid;

Far milder Treatment, may his Honour meet,

From Hand-maid gentle, and polite Valet:

With Footmen romp, which finely must improve
 him;

And kiss his Cousins that his Aunt may love him.

There the whole Kindred, join to form the Heir;

And Uncles, Grandfathers, Grand-mothers are there.

But oh, the enchanting Pleasures who can show,

That from the Kennel, and the Stable flow.

When Honour quits the Closet, for the Field;

And all the Student, to the Sportsman yields:

Perhaps

Perhaps some glorious Hunting Match design'd,
 Ev'n now, tho' absent, rises to your Mind;
 If not prevented by this luckless Day,
 How had you scour'd, thro' Hills and Dales away?
 By Foxes murder'd, Glory to obtain;
 And boast three Vixens, in a Fortnight slain.
 Or had the generous Stag, with winged Speed,
 A-cross whole Countries urg'd the straining Steed;
 Each *Torkshire* Riding might have view'd the Race,
 Your Horn, perhaps, have rung thro' *Chevy-Chase*:
 More could I say, —————

But hold its Time you end:

Who for a Renegade mistake a Friend;
 And could you think one Son so void of Grace,
 To abjure his *Alma mater* to her Face?
 How should not she with Irony dispense,
 Who lends us Figures to adorn our Sense.
 Why 'tisto gain her Smiles, our Parts we prove,
 To shew our Genius is to shew our Love;
 And you, the Judges (since your selves inspire,
 Or our pacifick or Polentick Fire)
 Be candid, and absolve the gen'ral Aim,
 We argue different, but we think the same.
 Parents, whom Fondness, or the Fashion sway;
 Will breed their Child, be sure, the Modern Way:
 No pedant Schemes that abject Minds controul,
 Should thwart the native Freedom of the Soul;
 Him their own Eye o'erlooks, own Modes refine;
 And Masters powder'd every Day to dine.

As

As for his pretty Head Mamina takes Care,
 The Comb's well fix'd, and nicely curl'd his Hair;
 And not one Thing I'll warrant you breeds there,
 Ev'n let the dirty Boys, so deem'd be Fools;
 And trudge thro' Thick and Thin, to crowded
 Schools:
 Lest such rude Noise, should hurt his tender Brain;
 In his own Hall, Sir Timothy they Train.
Moll tells him Stories, while she sweeps the Rooms;
 And he imbibes his Morals, from the Grooms.
 At twelve Years old the sprightly Youth is able,
 To turn a Pancake, or to clean a Stable.
 Soon as the Clerk has taught him all he can,
 They send to London for some able Man,
 Down comes a *Frenchman*, "Sir, me swear and Vow,
 " Me be surpris'd, you make no better Bow,
 " But me vil' make you good Scholar, no fear;
 " Better dan me my self, in two tree Year.
 The Knight begins, and in a literal Sense,
 Turns *French* to *English*, and makes *Latin French*:
 Three Years, the Lady Mother has the Joy,
 To hear the *Frenchman*, and to see her Boy,
 To her it is a Comfort, above all,
 That *Tim* should learn so fast, and grow so tall.
Kitty, my Lady's waiting Maid, was Sister
 To *Tom* the Groom, who knew the Knight had kiss'd
 her,
Tom manages the Knight at such a Rate,
 He beats the *Frenchman*, and he marries Kate,
 So fondly the wise Mother lov'd the Child,
 She quite undid him, lest he should be spoil'd.

This

This News, the Widow of the neighb'ring Grange
 Heard with Surprize; but I, says he, will change;
 This unsuccessful Method, and my *Ferry*,
 I'll warrant for't, shall never thus miscarry.
 Prate with the Maids; no, him I'll breed up shyly;
 And ev'ry Servant shall respect him highly.
 No trifling Monsieur, here shall give Advice;
 I'll have some Senior Fellow, grave and wise;
 From either of the Universities.
 She said, 'tis done, the honest Man with Pains
 Gender and Number; Mood and Tense explains:
Ferry goes thro' his daily Task, and thrives;
 From *Inspeech*, at the *Apple-tree* arrives.
 Then studious Reads, what *Belgian* Authors writ;
 And drains whole *Nomenclators* of their Wit.
 From hence, apace he grows, accomplish'd fully,
 Has read *Corderius*, and has heard of *Tully*.
 Should *Oxford* next, or *Paris* be his Chance;
 The last prevails and he's equip'd for *France*.
 He goes, sets ev'ry Thing that rare and new is;
 And hunts like any *Alderman*, with *Lewis*,
 Till the rich Fortune, or Mamma's Command,
 Again restore him to the *British* Strand;
 Then welcome, Sir, to bless your native Land.
 But see, the proper Vacancy present;
 And up he comes, full Fraught, to *Parliament*:
 There first his noble Heart begins to sink.
 Fain would he speak, but knows not how to think:
 Howe'er, he'll needs launch out beyond his Reach;
 For who ne'er made a Theme, makes no good Speech.

D

Hence

Hence the loud Laugh, and scornful Sneer arise;
 Hence, round and round, the lashing Raillery flies;
 And thus, (sad Shame) tho' now some Twenty-four;
 He's finely whipt, tho' ne'er was whipt before.
 While each mean Time, or Commoner, or Peer,
 That past the Discipline in Practice here;
 Convinc'd, applauds the Doctor's wholesome Plan,
 Who made the youngest smart to save the Man:
 And what tho' some the good old Cause desert,
 Grow learn'd with Ease, and grasp the Shade of Art:
 For us, we foster here no vain Pretence;
 Nor fill with empty Pride, the Void of Sense:
 We rise with Pains, nor think the Labour slight,
 To speak like *Romans*, and like *Romans*, write.
 'Tis ours, with Care, to court the Classick Throng;
 To catch the Spirit, as we gain their Tongue:
 T' enjoy the Charms, in *Cæsar's* Works that shine;
 And learn to glow at *Virgil's* lofty Line.
 Thus 'twas, you mov'd, and thus in ripen Years;
 With such Superior Lustre, fill your Spheres:
 'Twas thus you learnt to rise, nor can you blame,
 If as we read your Steps, we hope your Fame.
 And, Oh! may *Westminster* for ever view,
 Sons after Sons succeed, and all like you!
 May ev'ry Doubt, your gear Examples clear;
 And Education, fix her Empire here!

EPILOGUE to *Amphitruo.*

Spoke by MERCURY.

YOU've seen, to Night, the true Mercurial Scene;
 'Twas thus old *Plautus* drew his Harlequin:
 Not like the Things we now call *Pantomines*,
 The *Luns*, and *Keybers* of the present Times.
 With these, the sterling Wit, is all Grimace;
 'Tis the Fool's Doublet, and the Monkey's Face:
 'Tis *Hurlotbrumbo*, *Holland*, *Spain*, and *France*;
 And Heav'n and Hell, all met---for what---to dance.
 But if you wonder, why the *Roman* Muse,
 Should for her *Jove*, a part ill-suited choose.
 We must confess, we sometimes made as free,
 With sacred Characters, almost as she.
 Yet, to your Favour, she has just Pretence:
 She may want Decency, but ne'er want Sense:
 Loose as she is, we still here Beauties love;
 We see her Faults, but by those Faults, improve.
 So far let *Plautus*, nay, let *Terrence* Err---
 But oh! what Nature, Strength and Stile are there!
 How just each Thought; each Character, how true;
 Worthy old *Cato*, *Scipio*, *Rome* and you.
 Then give, ye Judges, give the tasteless Age,
 Her *Gothick Learning*, and her *Gothick Stage*,
 Old Wit, shall Year by Year for you receive;
 The only *Roman* Audience now alive.

STYLIUS



STLVIVS and MIRANDA

A TALE.

IN a dark Vale, for Melancholly made,
 Where *Tew* and *Cypress* mix their baleful Shade;
 Where murm'ring Waters fall, hoarse Ravens Croak;
 Ad Screech-Owls hollow from the blasted Oak.
 No Sight, or Sound of Joy, was heard or seen;
 But sable Horror, fill'd the gloomy Scene.
 Despairing *Sylvius*, quite distract with Love;
 Within the thickest of this dreary Grove;
 Prostrate, upon the noxious Earth, was laid
 A mossy Turfrais'd up his mournful Head:
 His Soul, o'erwhelm'd with Grief, breath'd deepest
 Sighs.
 The briny Drops, stood in his livid Eyes;
 And thus, in moving Accents, he express'd
 The mighty Woes that rack'd his heaving Breast:
 Unhappy Youth! Why wouldst thou fondly prove
 The dreadful Power of almighty Love!
 Soon as thy Eyes beheld the charming Dame,
 Thou plainly didst perceive the growing Flame;
 Then, then, thou should'st have check'd the rising
 Fire,
 And clip'd the spreading Wings of young Desire.

At once have fled the dear enchanting Maid,
 Nor for a second fatal Wound have staid;
 Those Sparkling Eyes, that lovely featur'd Face,
 Adorn'd with every Beauty, every Grace;
 Her snowy Neck, than Down of Swans, more soft:
 Her finely rising Breasts, where *Cupid* oft
 With Joy reposes; and her Bosom loves,
 More than his Mother *Venus*, and her Doves:
 Her graceful artless Air, and Mein, to paint,
 All known Comparisons are far to faint.
 Her ev'ry Motion charms whene'er she speaks,
 Forth from her Coral Lips, sweet Musick breaks;
 Her smoothly flowing Wit, and Satyr keen,
 Would wound too deeply, were the Nymph unseen.
 Wretch that I was! what Transport I gaz'd on,
 And took delicious Draughts of Poison down;
 'Till my weak Soul, of Reasons Aid bereft,
 Aneasy Prey was to the Victor left.
Miranda's Image on my hapless Breast,
 In never-fading Colours is exprest:
 All other Objects vanish from my Soul,
 The new all-beauteous Prize possess'd the whole.
 Long Time I've strove, but still, alas, in vain,
 My former happy Liberty to gain:
 Condemn'd in hopeless Slavery to dwell,
 And like the Damn'd, see Heaven, yet live in Hell.
 Why vainly rave I thus against my Fate;
 I'm born to love, nor will I tempt her Hate!
 Presumptuous Man! How dar'st thou hope to move
 A Maid so Heavenly Fair, to grant thee Love!
 What Merit canst thou boast, or how expect
 To charm a Nymph with all Perfections deck'd!

E

No

No, die in Silence, wisely think betime,
 Ere thou too late repent the hasty Crime.
 How will *Miranda's* Eyes pierce thro' thy Soul,
 When fir'd with Anger and Disdain they roll.
 If their mild Glances hurt thy dazzled Eyes,
 Where wilt thou hide thee when the Light'ning flies.
 That Face, whose Smiles inspire thy Soul with Joy,
 If ruffled by a Frown, as surely will destroy.
 So the high Face of Heaven, fair and serene,
 When the bright God of Day adorns the Scene;
 And gentle *Zephyrs* balmy Odours give,
 Pleas'd the delightful Prospect we perceive:
 But if the Sun his gladdning Rays denies,
 And pitchy Clouds invade the dark'ning Skies;
 If loos'd by *Aeolus*, the loud Winds roar,
 And in fierce Storms discharge their watry Store;
 When blasting Lightning from the sable Cloud,
 Ushers the Thunder terrible and loud:
 The trembling Swain, who with delighted Eyes,
 Before admir'd the gay resplendent Skies,
 From the approaching Tempest, frighted flies.
 For me what Help remains? Why do I live?
 Since nought but the least Delight can give?
 And, conscious of my Worthlessness, I dare
 Not, even by Looks, inform her what I bear;
 Least, barr'd her Presence, I an Exile go,
 Driven to Eternal Banishment and Woe.
 Come wish'd for Death, release my troubled Sprite,
 Close my dim Eyes in everlasting Night;
 Let my cold Urn reveal my piteous Tale,
 And tell *Miranda*, I her Victim sell,

Oh, happy 'twere, could Death the Pain remove,
 And from my Soul, beat out my fatal Love.
 Vain Wish, I ne'er shall feel one Moments Rest,
 Tho' in the brightest Mansions of the Blest.
 If my *Miranda*, with her boundless Charms,
 Oh killing Thought! e'er bless another's Arms;
 Ye Righteous Powers above, what e'er besal
 For this black Deed, your most distressed Thrall,
 Tho' this Right-Hand my ling'ring Fate prevent;
 And let out Life, to give my Sorrows vent,
 Permit it not, that Fames injurious Breath
 Should blame *Miranda* for her *Silvius's* Death.
 On her your choicest Gifts, kind God bestow
 Let every Joy in vast abundance flow!
 No Sigh e'er heave *Miranda's* spotless Breast,
 Nor melancholly Thought disturb her Rest!
 No Tears from those Cœlestial Eyes distil,
 But boundless Pleasures wait upon her Will;
 'Till Heaven demands her Virgin Soul above,
 To sing harmonious Anthems full of Love!
 Then may officious Cherubs guard her Bed,
 And Seraphs Hands support her drooping Head!
 Her Spirits may ambrosial Fragrance cheer,
 And Sounds of Heavenly Lyres delight her Ear!
 In Extacies of Bliss may she expire,
 And, by her Presence, glad the Angelick Choir!
 So saying, he made bare his manly Breast;
 And with his Hand his throbbing Heart he prest.
 Peace, thou tumultuous Thing, said he, my Sword
 To thy swift Motion will a Stop afford:
 The Life-Blood from its Fountain soon will flow,
 Heaven grant it be the Period of my Woe:

The glittering Weapon from his Side he draws,
 And strait had fallen a Martyr to Love's Cause;
 When a loud Shriek assail'd his frighted Ears,
 And lo *Miranda* to his Sight appears!
 Ravish'd with Joy, astonish'd with Surprise.
 He views the Beauteous Maid, with greedy Eyes.
 The happy Vision scarcely he believ'd,
 And fear'd a Phantom, had his Sense deceiv'd;
 Till the kind Nymph blushing her Silence broke,
 And thus, in soft transporting Words, she spoke:

Sylvius, I've heard thy Pity, moving Tale;
 And the sad Truth does o'er my Soul prevail;
 I too, with equal Fire, have lov'd thee long,
 But Modesty bound up *Miranda's* Tongue;
 Fearing thy Harm, thy dangerous Steps I watch'd;
 And, Heaven be prais'd, from sudden Ruin snatch'd.
 The Youth, with Rapture not to be express;
 Flew in her Arms, and clasp'd her to his Breast:
 And from her melting Lips, sweet Pledges drew,
 Of all the mighty Joys they had in View.
 No Time for Words impetuous Love allows;
 But ardent Kisses spoke their mutual Vows;
 Their mingl'd Souls entranc'd in Bliss extream,
 Experienc'd Joys Divine, with God-like Flame.
 Not Jove himself more Energy apply'd,
 When he enjoy'd *Amphitryon's* beauteous Bride:
 Such Love as this the Gods must sure approve,
 Whether in Marriage-Bed, or in a Grove.

Happy



Happy DICK.

Written by a *Welsh* Baronet.

W Hence comes it Neighbour *Dick*,
That you, with Taste uncommon,
Have plaid the Girls this Tri—ck,
And Wedded an old Woman,
Happy Dick.

Each *Belle* condemns the Choice
Of a Youth so gay and sprightly;
But we your Friends rej—ce,
That you have judg'd so rightly,
Happy Dick.

Tho' odd to some in Sounds,
That on Threescore you've ventur'd;
Yet in Ten thousand Po—unds,
Ten thousand Charms are center'd,
Happy Dick.

Beauty you know will fade,
As does the short liv'd Flower;
Nor can the fairest Ma—id,
Insure her Bloom an Hour,
Happy Dick.
But

But wisely you resign,
 For Sixty Charms so transient,
 As the Curious value Co—in
 The more for being Antient,

Happy Dick.

With Joy your Spouse shall see
 The fading Beauties round her;
 And she herself still b—e
 The same that first you found her,

Happy Dick.

Oft is the Marriage State
 With Jealousie attended;
 And hence thro' foul De—bate,
 Are Nuptial Joys suspended,

Happy Dick.

But you with such a Wife,
 No jealous Fears are under,
 She's yours alone for Li—fe,
 Or much we all shou'd wonder,

Happy Dick.

Her Death wou'd grieve you fore;
 But let it not torment you;
 My Life she'll see Four sco—re,
 If that will but content you,

Ha—ppy Dick.

On this you may rely,
 For the Pains you took to win her,
 She'll ne'er in Child-bed dy—e
 Unless the Devil's in her,

Ha—ppy Dick.

Some

Some have the Name of Hell

To Matrimony given;

How false you can te—ll,

Who have found it such a Heaven,

Ha—ppy Dick.

With Spouse long share the Bliss

You had mist in any other;

And when you've bury'd thi—s,

May you have such another,

Ha—ppy Dick.

Observing hence from you,

In Marriage such Decorum;

Our Wiser Youth shall d—o,

As you have done before 'em,

Ha—ppy Dick.





A new Song, to the Tune of the *Black-Joak*,
the Words by the R——d Mr. Sm——th,
Chaplain to a Man-of-War.

NO Mortal, sure, can blame the Man,
Who, prompted by Nature, will act as he can
With a Black-Joak, and B——y so white.

For he the Platonist must gainsay,
That will not humane Nature obey,

*In working a Joak that will leather-like Soap,
And the Hair, &c.*

Traverse the Globe, and you'll find none,
Who are not addicted and very much prone
To a *Black-Joak*, &c.

The Prince, the Priest, and the Peasant do love it;
And all Degrees of Mankind do covet

A Coal-Black-Joak, &c.

The rigid Recluse with his meagre Face,
From his Fasting and Praying will quickly cease,
For a Black-Joak, &c.

Let the Clergy boast and say what they will,
They all do love to tickle the Gill

Of a Coal-Black-Joak, &c.

The P——te in his Pontifical-Gown,
Would tumble another *Susannah* down

For her Black, &c.

The Lawyer his Cause and Client would quit,
To dip his Pen in the Bottomless Pitt

Of a Coal-Black, &c.

The

The Humble PETITION
of His Grace *Pb---p* D. of
Wb-----n.

To a Great Man in *L O N D O N*:

SIR, may it please You but to hear
Wb-----n a poor Petitioner
With Pity on a vagrant Look,
Wax-Chandler, Citizen and Duke;
Humbly, Permission I intreat
To kiss, if not Your Hands, Your Feet;
And, rather than the Favour miss
I sue for — any where would kiss.

Was *H-----en* late in Honour held
Bécause his Grandfather rebell'd
For which a fair Reward he found
That came to many a thousand Pound.
Wb-----n in Treason scorn'd to yield
To *Ha-----en* in his *Ch-----v* Field;
Then his Descendants You must own
Deserve like Favour from the Crown.
Nor will I yield my self to them
For trampling on the Diadem.
Witness when thorough *Tork* astride
In Triumph on an Ox I ride,

With

With Commoner behind, and sing,
 See Lords and Commons ride their King,
 What Prince can unrewarded see
 Such flagrant matchless Loyalty!
 Or can such Worth as this miscalry,
 Possess'd by Right Hereditary?
 But Fame strange Tidings has convey'd;
 Of Things beyond Sea done and said.
 I own I strove in every Nation
 Not to offend against the Fashion:
 A zealous Protestant at home,
 I did at *Rome* like Men at *Rome*.
 Yet then, Twelve Articles, no more
 Believ'd than now the Twenty Four.
 What tho' I formally confess
 Three Days together to a Priest!
 If half my Sins I should rehearse
 'Twould take at least as many Years.
 No more in fact converted I
 Than Pigs were by *St. Anthony*.
 Eut me no Popish Priest shall tran-
 substantiate to a Christian,
 Which all the Miracles would beat,
 That e'er were told in Legend yet!
 I only meant to act the Spy,
 And cheat Infallibility.
 So when before I rang'd abroad,
 Always promoting publick Good,
 I beg'd an Alms as a poor Peer,
 And nick'd the credulous Chevaliere.
 What better Service could I render
 Than out-pretending the Pretender?

LET not my famous Star and Garter
 Provoke you to deny me Quarter;
 I meant to sell it e'er 'tis long
 Like my Duke's Patent for a Song:
 That from the first was my Desire,
 As soon as I should find a Buyer.
 Mean-time, tho' counted mad or drunk,
 It serves my Turn *pro hinc et nunc*,
 And well my present Purpose fits,
 Since no Beholder in his Wits,
 Who sees me rove in this Condition,
 Suspects me for a Politician.

As for *Gibraltar*, Sir, I took
 That whole Transaction for a Joke.
 Whenever I pretend to fight
 All the World knows — 'tis but a Bite:
 I fir'd a Gun, but without Ball,
 A Flash and Bounce and that was all:
 Or grant it charg'd, no Harm I thought,
 For mine were always random Shot.
 Nor can my greatest Foes declare
 I ever aim'd at ought but Air.
 I hope no Hurt did thence arise,
 For when I shoot I shut my Eyes.

YET something I can plead to gain
 Your Smiles and Favour while in *Spain*,
 None could persuade me to go near
James the late Duke of *Ormond* there;
 Tho' press'd, I could not think it right
 To visit such a *Jacobite*.
 'Tis true I told a Priest with Gravity,
 Heath'd Heretical Depravity,

But

But my true Reason, by the Mass,
 Was Zeal for the illustrious Race,
 Yes, by our Lady, Sir, I swear
 Stark Love to th' House of *Ha——* r!

My Truth my Correspondence shows,
 As well the Secretary knows:
 I several useful Secrets hinted,
 As plainly would appear if printed.
 Have I not strangely recollected
 A List of Persons disaffected!
 Who drove me to my present Course,
 Indeed they were my Creditors!
 So true am I to *Br——* k's Line,
 That all his Enemies are mine.

My Faults, as who from Faults is free?
 (I mean on this Side of the Sea,)
 Are such as ne'er continue long
 I'm sometimes right as well as wrong;
 At least, if any Right there lies
 On either Side of Contraries.
 So tho' I drink with Mr. *Mist*
 The Tory-rory Journalist,
 To take Suspicion off at home
 I drink as well with Mr. *Roome*,
 That tries so furious with Goose-quill
 To spatter your Opposer *Will*.
 Thus sometimes in a Popish Nation
 I plead for Transubstantiation,
 Prove Contradictions by the Hour,
 By Medium of Almighty Power:
 But then again to make amends,
 When got among my special Friends,

I clearly wipe out that Offence
By ridiculing Providence.

Ah pity but my Youth and Rank;
I freely offer a Chart Blank;
I'll witness what Designs you please,
Unheard, unthought Discoveries.
Not half such Wonders heretofore
The *Salamanca* Doctor swore:
Whatever Schemes You set your Heart on
I'll sign with *Ph*——*p* D. of *Wb*——*n*.

If timely Succour You will bring,
'And reconcile me to the King,
Eternal Duty will I swear
By ev'ry Saint i'th' Calendar;
From lousy Monks that beg in Woolen
To silken Sirs, and Kings of *Colen*.
By all whose Names will stand in Metre
From his first Holiness Pope *Peter*.
I'll swear too by the Stores that lie
In holy Church's Treasury;
By both St. *Austin*'s Bodies found,
Alike for Miracles renown'd;
By the two Heads of *Baptist John*,
Both that at *Rome*, and that at *Roan*;
By all the Relicks *Rome* e'er saw,
From *Mary's* Silk to *Garnet's* Straw.

SUSPECT me not for Popish Tricks
Of breaking Faith with Hereticks.
What tho' a Council fix'd the Rule
And many a damnatory Bull;
'Tis plain by my whole Conversation
I ne'er yet startled at Damnation;

G

Damna

Damnation! a meer *flim-flam* Story

I mind no more than Purgatory:

I, that there is a Hell, deny,

* In all Things like my Father I!

In fine, Sir, if I may but live

In *England*, and the King forgive

My Writing, Speeching and Protesting,

My Warlike and Religious Jestings,

My *frantic* rambling after Garters,

My fear of *Marlborough* and *Charters*;

Then what no Man alive can say

I ever thought of till this Day,

Your said Petitioner

: Shall pray,

* Some MSS read, *Per omnia Patrias* I.
Vid. his Grace's Patent.



M10

M17